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The Murder of M'Briars

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A Popular Masonic Song, called

THE ROYAL ROBE.

Come all you Knight Templars that dwell around the globe,

That wear the badge of honour, I mean the royal robe :
Noah he wore it in the ark where he stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluging flood.

Noah he was righteous in the sight of the Lord,
He loved a Freemason that knew the sacred word ;
He tilled the earth, and planted the first vine,
His glories in heaven like angels do shine.

Once I was blind, and I could not see the light,
It was to Jerusalem I then took my flight ;
They led me through the wilderness with a multitude of
care,

You may know me by the sign of the badge that I wear.

O when I think of Moses I cannot but blush,
And likewise of Mount Horeb, and of the burning bush :
My shoes I threw off, and my staff I cast away,
Like a pilgrim I'll wander until my dying day.

Twelve dazzling lights I saw, which put me in surprise,
And looking all around me I heard a dreadful noise ;
A serpent passed by me, I fell upon the ground,
Then with peace, joy, and comfort, the grand secret I
found.

The secret was lost and afterwards was found,
So was our blessed Saviour, it is very well known ;
In the garden of Gethsemane He sweat a bloody sweat,
So repent, my loving brethren, before it is too late.

Against Turks, Jews, and infidels we always do fight,
To let the wondering world know we're always in the
right ;

Search the Scriptures over, it is there to be found,
That the tree that bears no fruit it ought to be cut down.

To raise the ark up higher we will join our hands,
The Almighty ordered Moses to pour water on dry land,
Out of a clear fountain from Eden it did spring,
Where Eve tempted Adam—by a serpent was stung.

I never will stand for to hear the orphan cry,
Nor yet forget a widow until the day I die.
In heaven is our grand lodge, and St. Peter keeps the
door,

And no one can enter but those who are pure.

J. Nicholson, Printer, 26, Church Lane, Belfast



The Murder of M'Briars.

You noble sons of William whose principles are pure,
Be on your guard both day and night, and keep yourselves secure ;
Be upon your guard both day and night, attend to what I say,
For midnight murderers lie in wait your lives to take away.

It was on the night of Tuesday in the month of April,
He went into a tavern some hours to beguile,
With a true and faithful comrade belonging to the cause,
Who said that he would ne'er desert King William's name or laws.

He was a master of our band, of honour and great fame.
He was master of an Orange Lodge, M'Briars was his name ;
By Popish schemes he has been brought to an untimely grave,
When no kind Protestant was near his precious life to save.

The whiskey it was in his head, no harm was in his mind,
He happened for to tell too loud the way his heart inclined ;
And for the same three villains swore and kept their promise good,
To wash their hands before they'd sleep that night in Orange blood.

He little thought when he left home upon that fatal morn
His children three would orphans be before he would return ;
One of his comrades said to him come home and sleep with me,
O no ! he kindly answered him, my wife does wait on me.

He was an old and feeble man not able to resist,
And for the same three villains they heard his dying moans,
When they unto a lonely place where none could hear his cry,
With his heart's blood these murderers the very stones did dye.

Hard and brutal was their hearts who done this wicked deed,
Because that he would not agree to their vile Popish creed ;
But hard and strong was her heart that on him shut the door,
When for his children's sake that night for mercy he implored.

The rain that night in torrents fell, but oh ! it fell in vain,
The blood of the poor innocent next morning did remain ;
It was not black like rebels' blood, it was both clear and bright,
Which showed M'Briars did belong unto the cause that's right.

To Newtownbreda with their sore hearts his bleeding corpse they bore,
Attended by a trusty few that Orange colours wore ;
It would have made an Indian's tears in torrents down to flow,
For to see his orphans weeping at their father's overthrow.

The Sunday of his funeral our brave Orangemen
Assembled altogether, in numbers thousands ten,
And Papists at this glorious sight did quake with fear and dread,
To see our Orangemen march that day with nobles at their head.

Now to conclude and finish, I'll end as I began,
Be on your guard both day and night, and murdering Papists shun ;
They never would consent for to meet us man to man,
But as they served M'Briars they would serve each Orangeman.

Orange Ball and Soiree Cards Printed neatly at J. NICHOLSON'S,
Cheapside, Church Lane, Belfast.